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and the modesty and privacy which counsels a multiplicity of apartments are the *raison d'être* of a variety of furnishings. Family life absolutely requires these, but in the dwelling of a man—or girl—bachelor, a point may be taken from the Moors in favor of economy of space and simplicity of furnishing, by arranging a given interior to serve both as parlor and bedroom. The orthodox Moorish interior is simply a development of the Arab tent, to which the victor in a foray retired after the battle with his booty of costly housings and slaves. The tent itself is the precedent for a lavish use of canopies and draperies, and the pavilion of the Caliph must have presented a scene of unusual splendor when graced with the spoils of harems, of dark-eyed girls with blue black hair, with divans covered with the richest of Persian rugs, of swinging lamps of gold that had lighted the mosques, and piles of jewel-encrusted swords.

In arranging a modern interior of this kind one has only to make the divans wide enough and soft enough to serve as a bed or beds at night. We must cover the floor with a Persian or Turkish rug of brilliant colors, and on one or more sides of the room, or on one-half of the room, construct a recess, or fitment, by means of arched screens of Cairene lattice work, or of modern American grille work, containing a divan from two to three feet in width running around the recess, and placed on a dais, or floor raised a few inches above the floor of the apartment. This recess is known as the *leewa'n* or "raised place to sit upon," and should be appropriately covered with a prayer rug. Any ordinary carpenter can construct the dais and framework of the divans for a moderate amount. Woven wire springs can be purchased, of any size, and these form the best possible foundation for the hair mattresses that form the cushions. The mattresses of course will be covered with corduroy or saddle-bag upholstery. On the divan so constructed are placed pillows of different sizes covered with Oriental embroidery, which the Turkish women know so well how to execute. In the center of the room the correct thing will be an inlaid Cairo or Damascus table, with brass tray holding a Turkish coffee pot, or for serving ices, wine, etc. A Koran holder of carved teakwood will be among the appropriate furnishings.

The walls of the apartment will be covered with printed or painted tapestries, or wall-papers of a Moorish pattern, and furnished with hanging or recessed cupboards, and hung with Saracenic armor, the set usually comprising a steel helmet and shield richly engraved in Persian characters, and such weapons as scimitars, swords and daggers.

The richest style of wall decoration would be to use panels of painted tapestry, each subject being a representation of Moorish beauties such as appear in Burton's "Tales from the Arabic," or from an edition de luxe of "The Arabian Nights." Nothing in modern art can be more decorative.

The windows of the apartment, particularly those within the recess, if any, may be wholly or partly constructed of stained glass, whose translucent pictures and ornament are wholly Moorish in character. Thus will we impart a wonderful brilliancy and yet a subdued effect to the interior. If stained glass be too expensive, we may employ "diaphania," a German invention, consisting of a transparent pictorial film placed between two panes of glass, which, being translucent, gives all the sparkle and color of real stained glass, at one-tenth its price. The "Glacier" window decoration, another low-cost production, is also very effective.

The ceiling may be made of painted beams of wood or draped; the ceiling of the *leewa'n* being more ornamental than of the rest of the apartment. The entrance to the apartment, as well as the entrance to the *leewa'n* or alcove, will be correctly draped with Bagdad or Broussa portières.

From the center of the ceiling will be suspended a Damascus lantern, such as are made for lighting the mosques, and in the various corners of the apartment Persian mosque lanterns of dark brass or bronze, with delicately cut open work, fitted for gas or electric light, will be extremely decorative, giving a soft light when illuminated.

Here, half buried between the soft cushions of the divan, under the light perchance of an incandescent lamp, softly veiled in a rose-colored lantern, one may, after dinner, sip his wine or coffee, and read bewitching tales of the Arabian Nights, or the latest magazine or novel, or discuss with a friend the news of the passing day.

To the modern man of business, tired with the enforced confinement, the jar and din of railroad travel to and from his

dwelling, the rush to catch trains, the worry and exhaustion of too much work, the vexations of business troubles, the bolting of hasty lunches, and the daily stampede along crowded ugly streets, either too hot or too cold, or too dusty, or too wet, jostling people in sombre ugly attire, the majority ill-mannered, clownish, lacking refinement and dignity, such a retreat, with its soft and inviting divans, its housings decorated with arabesques of calm and intense color, is a haven of rest and refreshment, whose recuperative force is the result of delicious physical and mental repose. Away, then, with the penitential, splint-backed, splay-legged Colonial rocker and oaken settee, the Puritan ideal of luxury, and their English equivalents, the starveling Chippendale and Sheraton productions, and indeed three fourths of the spindle-legged, straight-backed boxy constructions of the present time.

If we do not wish to convert an entire apartment to a Moorish interior, an ordinary drawing-room in which a Moorish alcove is the piece de resistance, will be found a wonderfully attractive apartment. Here is shown the *leewa'n*, or alcove, with raised floor placed within a screen of modern grille work, a notable feature in the Moorish stained glass window that illuminated the scene with polychromatic splendor. There are also shown divans, that of the fitment in the foreground being covered with a rich-toned Turkish rug. The other furnishings include a Damascus table and hanging cabinets, the *tout ensemble* being singularly cheering and decorative. The electrolier gives an impression of the modern feeling that permeates the entire appointments.



THE MONTANARA MONUMENT IN THE NECROPOLIS AT GENOA.

MODERN MONUMENTAL SCULPTURE IN AN ITALIAN NECROPOLIS.

BY WALTER LODIA.

THIS is my second visit to Italy, and I must confess surprise at seeing so many modern and largely improved features of interest in these monopolizing grounds of all that is talented and tasteful in Italian sculpture—the cemeteries. Several views were procured of the more modern and most striking statues and diverse monuments in the necropolis at Genoa. Of all the burial grounds of Italy, the *campo-santo* of Genoa contains the best specimens by far of marvelous workings



FIGURE OF SILENCE.

granite tomb of the patriot, Mazzini.

Modern Italian sculpture can be usually and conveniently divided into two parts—public sculpture and private sculpture. The public sculpture is all the big and coarser work (but without being coarse in the general acceptance of the word.) This sculpture will be best seen in the piazzas or open places, with which Italian cities generally abound, in the form of numerous monuments to patriots such as Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour and others. Foreigners who have not journeyed on the peninsula, have no idea of the real love which Italians harbor for those men of the past. It is a veneration deservedly more strong than for other "patriots" so-called only by flatterers. Thus it is that the just-mentioned republican founders of Italian unity have magnificent monuments erected to their memory throughout the land. This is the public sculpture of Italy which, from the modern point of view, is most worthy of study by the passing tourist. The present paper, however, confines itself to what is here termed private sculpture.

Private sculpture will be found in the superb works executed for private parties in the Italian cemeteries. In northern Italy alone, consider the incomparable necropolis of Genoa, Venezia, Turin and Milano. Than the *campo-santo* of Genoa, there is no more magnificent collection of sculptural marvels in this universe. There is no detailed guide published about this wonderful gathering of treasures in stone art; the traveler will consult this "Baedeker" given away, cramped-typed unsatisfactory

in stone. In fact, in this respect, it is the first necropolis of the globe. Among the rich families of Genoa there has always been especial emulation in vying with one another for the erection of the finest and most original monuments over the family vaults, and this accounts for the distinguished position the capital of Liguria now holds in the world of sculpture.

To note on all the recent statuary in the Genoese interment acre would fill pages, so I will confine myself to only two or three notable works. The Parodi monument is simply a beautiful work of art (Astorri, sculptor); the Carpaneto bark is the most unique of any (Scarvei, sculptor, who also worked the chaste Ghilino monument), and the Sani monument, near the plain, massive

"guide" book in vain for other than a very juvenile description in a few lines. The tourist must use his own eyes. In the Genoa necropolis, he will find matter for study for weeks. The reputed Genoese professional, Ciappei, publishes some of the best local guides, but they are not complete. In Turin (where the cemetery is perhaps the second richest in Italy in triumphs of sculpture), there are the talented sculptors, Vedora, of the via Siccardi, and Tobacetri, of the palazzo (palace) Albertina, ready to accord kindly information to the specialist desiring it. A park of sculpture is suggested for Turin. It is proposed to haul out large quantities of sculpture now hidden away in corridors and dot the public park over with same. A good and unique idea.

"I cannot put the world into a nutshell," somebody once said. And I will say: "I cannot put a description of Genoa's city of necropolis sculpture into a magazine article." No, only a few of the more notable can find mention here.

Reader, enter by the grand iron gates, take a few steps and you are in the first corridor. Cross this to the second, and a vast area of monuments presents itself. Sublime sight! It has moved the sculptors of the globe.

Begin by turning to the right. Here is the white marble figure of a woman (three times life size), seated and leaning her head against an immense black marble slab. In the silence, it seems for an instance like life, and momentarily impels silence. But you pass on.

Here is a figure of old Time. It is probably the best ever made. With large wings, the historic scythe, hour-glass, there he sits, cross-kneed, reflecting. It is most impressive. The sacredness and value of time come forcibly to the looker on. It will strike you with awe, and make you sadly feel the folly—aye, the wickedness—of wasting time.

A little further on there is the generous figure of a robed female (perhaps meant to be angel, but there are no wings), with outstretched, inviting arms. As you gaze up at the beautiful figure—which has no repugnant severity about it—you can scarcely escape the sentiment manifested by Pygmalion into his masterpiece.

Next the group of a young man launching his bark on the ocean of life. He prepares to unfurl the sails. Where will the winds carry him? That is the uncertainty—the lottery—of life. This piece of large sculpture is very original, and the most remembered by sightseers.

Some most vividly-executed monuments are the several depicting what are commonly known as "dying-angels." They



THE GENOESE FIGURE OF TIME.

appear gently inclining enough as they are, but it is little imagined the terrible iron strength which is hidden away and supporting the heavy figures. This work is the most difficult, laborious and costly which the sculptor gets on his hands.

Near the Mazzini huge and rough tomb, there is an interesting figure of a person preparing to write something on a monument. What will the record be? All these groups have



ITALIAN SCULPTURE. ANGEL BEARING A SOUL HEAVENWARD.

their anecdotes, amusing and entertaining, but the greater part are fantastic inventions of cicerones, made up to please tourists—and, of course, travelers have to pay for these lies. [I must leave the monuments now—the things of beauty are simply "too numerous to mention"—and may, perhaps, return to the subject at a later date.]

An absolute proof of the continued universal recognition of Italy as leading the world in modern sculpture consists in this, that the majority of the principal students go to the studios of the Italian cities to learn their profession, and not to other countries. All—or nearly all—of the shining lights of to-day in the world of sculpture have studied either at Rome or Firenze (or "Florence," as foreigners take the liberty of incorrectly corrupting it).

While an equally good proof of the mundane recognition of Paris as championing the globe in modern painting, is the number of students of the brush who hie there from all quarters of the universe. But while the French—or, better said, the Parisians—excel on canvas, they are indisputably less skillful with the chisel than their Italian neighbors. To what is this due? Simply to the natural fact that by excelling on one hand, they cannot excel on the other too. That would be too much to expect from a nation in the arts of art—to become a double criterion in sculpture and painting.

The monuments to Columbus throughout the world are becoming of exceptional interest just now, and, while halting in his native town of Genoa, the correspondent would comment briefly on the fine monumental work erected to Christopher's memory just outside the railroad terminus. It is of white marble, quadrangular, with life-size figures at each corner, representing the usual number of virtues, scenes in relief, etc. The statue of Columbus a-top, looking like a young man of about twenty-five years of age, is guarding an Indian woman sitting on his right. Pity the followers of Columbus did not exercise the same care with the poor natives, instead of committing frightful butcheries among them. Altogether, it is a handsome monument, and perhaps only second to the recent (1888) splen-

did metallic column to Columbus at Barcelona. Have inspected the Cataluña giant. There is a hydraulic lift inside, to seat six persons.

The house where Columbus lived—and perhaps was born—in Genoa, on the Via Dritto Ponticello, is now being restored, and will probably be so overhauled as to deprive it of interest under its modernized appearance.

For all time Italy has been, and probably will continue to be, a country without a complete rival in sculptural talent. I consider that the French, in modern painting, have long and far excelled Italian painters—have excelled the world, in fact—but in sculpture (both modern and ancient) it must be conceded that the transalpine people still hold undisputed sway for the excellence of their working in stone.

Of course there may and—likely as not—will be dissenters to this opinion. That is just where the divergence rests—on the matter of opinion; whether one likes old or present day sculpture best; whether he or she cares more for natural and



FROM A WINDOW MADE BY THE TIFFANY GLASS AND DECORATING COMPANY.

realistic work, or for classical, unnatural and even impossible types. When I frankly say, once for all, that the quite modern schools of sculpture and painting alone interest me, it will be easily understood where my sympathies lie.